

THE
ALARUM:
 OR, AN
HUE-and-CRY
 AFTER
 Sir Pa——t W——d.

O-Yes! O-Yes! O-Yes!

YOU good People! Is there amongst you any of those that gave Tidings of the *Salamanca* Doctor, formerly Stray'd, Stollen, Kid-nap'd or Run-away from *Whitehall*: Or if there be any Person or Persons, whether a Gifted Brother, or a Sanctified Sister (it matters not) that can give the like Tidings of a Run-away-Halterman; come into Court, and appear in behalf of the good man, who by Absenting himself, stands in his own way to a Preferment, which is ready for him. All the World knows very well what he highly merited, and that the Justice of *England* will surely give him his due, unless he be his own hindrance by obscurely retiring. 'Tis a strong presumption, that he is not much Ambitious of the Honour design'd for him, which makes him withdraw, satisfying himself with the sole Title of Knight, without the Additional Honour of that of the *Post*, which a longer stay would inevitably confer on him.

He is not less remarkable than the *Doctor* himself, nor much behind-hand with him in Wickedness; for as to *Perjury*, *Lyings*, *Conspiracies*, and *Treason*, they are both of a Trade. 'Tis a hard Case, I must confess, that so good a Commonwealths-man as he has been, after contributing bountifully towards the Support and Maintenance of the *Plot-Office*, and after his Charitably employing (to carry on the work of the Laerd) so many Journey-men in it, both *English* and *Irish* Evidences, who wanted Bread, though not Courage enough to Swear according to Order and the Word of Command; for they like *Switzers*, not caring who had the better, Fought Valliantly for their Pay. I say after all this, 'tis hard that now in his Old Age, he should be forc'd to drudge and put his hand to the work himself: But hardest of all it is, that he cannot have the same liberty and priviledge his own Servants have, and the very Devils Mercenary Drudges have had. The World will, I am perswaded, in a little time be quite another thing than it has been formerly; the meanest man in the Office could Swear any thing, and be believed too, though Contradictions and Impossibilities, and that against the *King* Himself, the *Queen*, and *Duke*, and no man durst tell him so much as, *Black is your Eye* for it; But now a man, though an *Halterman* (and none of the meanest Persons belonging to the Office) can't Swear and Lie for a *Suffering Saint*, (in which Case *Calvin* himself declares it lawful) but one or other in Authority must call him to *coram nobis*, and tell him of a *Pillory*, flouching Ears, and of Order, for retrenching them.

Seeing

Seeing then *Ignoramus* is gone, there's no staying here amongst Impartial Juries, for a *Zealously Perjur'd Saint*; than towards *Amsterdam* he goes, where he can be a *Rogue* according to the *Laws*; besides, by being there, he will be able to confute the *Ignorance of the Whore of Babylon*, who would persuade men that they must take a turn at *Purgatory*, and Bait there before they can come at *Heaven* or *Hell*; in due time, after he has lost some *Parings* of the lumber about his Head, he'll go home by Water a short cut; for from *Amsterdam*, 'tis not — let me see, above an Hours Sail to the Devil: *Tony* was wasted over that way, and our *Thesem* is resolved to follow to his Dear Friend *Pirishu*, even to *Hell* it self.

*O how Old Noll (Curst Fiend) will Sneer,
To see Sir P ——— t Crowding there.*

As for a Description of the Beast, you may know him (as yet a while) by his Ears, which are of the largest size, and shap'd somewhat like, and every jot as big as *Houster-Caps*; and it's believed, were his Head eased of the burthen, the *Knight* would convert them to no other use, if His Majesty, (at whose disposal they are now,) would bestow them on him, because they should be near that Musick which alone (with the Groans of the Oppressed,) was grateful to them, and with which alone their Master Praised and Glorified his God. But you must not expect to know him long by his *Ears*, for these Signes are to be speedily taken down, and hang'd upon more deserving Posts, therefore you must have more ways than one to know the *Woodcock* by; a Holy Sister could formerly find him by a Feather that stuck in his Tail, &c. His Visage is Swarthy Long and Meager, his Looks Sower, like one Squeezing over a Close-stool, and still Teeming with Designs against the *Church* and *State* — Each Eye sunk deep beneath its respective Brazen-Brow, looks like the Snuff of a Farthing-Candle just expiring in a Socket; his long shap'd Nose, is the very Emblem of *O — 's* Probe, with which the *Doctor* uses to try and search what Ammunition he may find in his Mans-what-do-ye-call-it, that cunning place where none but *O —* could stay to smell a *Plot*.

Of his Cloaths I'll take no notice, because them he can change as soon as a Pious Resolution; his Band only is worth Observation, because That is to be turn'd into a Ruff, which will soon be Mathematically fitted to his Neck, and so well Starch'd, that nothing, no not Rotten-Eggs, shall be able to put it out of order.

I wonder the *Rebellious Dissenting Jews*, whose Head and Mouth he was, at all times for preferring their Rude and Unmannerly *Petitions*, should not now in gratitude, endeavour to free this *Religionally Perjur'd Saint* from the severity of *Humane* and *Just-Laws*, by *Petitioning* His Majesty in behalf of his Lugs.

Sir P ——— nt, I must now bid you Farewel, be of good Chear, I doubt not but I shall live to see you highly Exalted; the Devil when he sees that you do not grumble at this mean Preferment, will reward your Humility and Contentment with higher degrees of Honour; for he cannot leave you in the Church for this, or think this enough for your many *Bold Treasons* and *Seditions*, for the *Storms* which you your self help'd to raise; and by which in all their Frightful Circumstances surrounded, You maintain'd your Post against God and the King, and manfully discharged your Duty toward the Devil and his *Fanatical Angels*; he cannot be so blind, but he must see, that the Actions of many whom he highly prefer'd to *Tyburn*, &c. Were but the Types and Shadows of your greater and more Heroick Exploits: And therefore for all these and other your Vile Drudgeries, in which, since *Fourty One*, till now, you have spent your Life, he must not expect to Fob you off with the sole, though certain, prospect of the *Pillory*.

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